

THE SPURILLET



A. Baumgarten

JANUARY 1948

The EPAULET takes great pleasure in its "New Look" in makeup. It is now the size of the "New Yorker," "Time," and is the standard size of most college magazines. It is generally agreed by staff and readers that the "New Look" is more acceptable to the eye and adaptable for reading.

The EPAULET is also proud of its new look in material. Its columns, its fiction, its poetry, and its cartoons are trying to achieve a new high in college magazines. We, the editors, feel that since this magazine is by the students and for the students, that everyone will help create a high standard by supporting the EPAULET by subscriptions or by contributions. Contribute now for the next issue of the EPAULET and pay for subscriptions at Ball 103.

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The EPAULET

Published Bi-Monthly by the Students
of Mary Washington College
of the University of Virginia

Vol. VIII

JANUARY, 1948

No. 2

*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*

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ART

The cover was designed and executed by Alice Baumgardner, to whom the EPAULET is indebted.

Fact and Fancy

WHO'S WHO IN EPAULET HALL

ROBERTA FIELD TERREL

(1926-____)

Born at a very early age in Boonton, N. J., she was soon after christened Roberta Field but casting this name aside became known to posterity as "Beau" Terrel.

Beau is now 21 years old, a Senior at M. W. C., an art major and president of the art club on the hill. She is well known for her short curly hair, her clear olive complexion, and her exuberant personality. She says she likes everybody, even Lena the Hyena.

Where Beau gets her artistic temperament has long been a point of discussion and someone has finally decided that the very minor point that her father is a commercial artist and her mother an illustrator might have something to do with it.

What does all this have to do with the EPAULET? On page 5 is her latest poem, "Portrait of a Lady." She is a steady contributor to the EPAULET, and the first issue also contained one of her best poems, "Lenore."

Next to writing poetry and painting, Beau likes horseback riding and swimming. Her favorite poem is "Sea Fever" by John Masefield and her preferred artist is Van Gogh. Her only dislikes (definitely not on the artistic side) are chocolate pudding and oysters.

When it comes to a career, Beau is torn between her two chief interests. She combines literature and art, and thinks she would like to be a famous journalist; also, to sculpt a figure of Gregory Peck for the top of the Empire State Building.

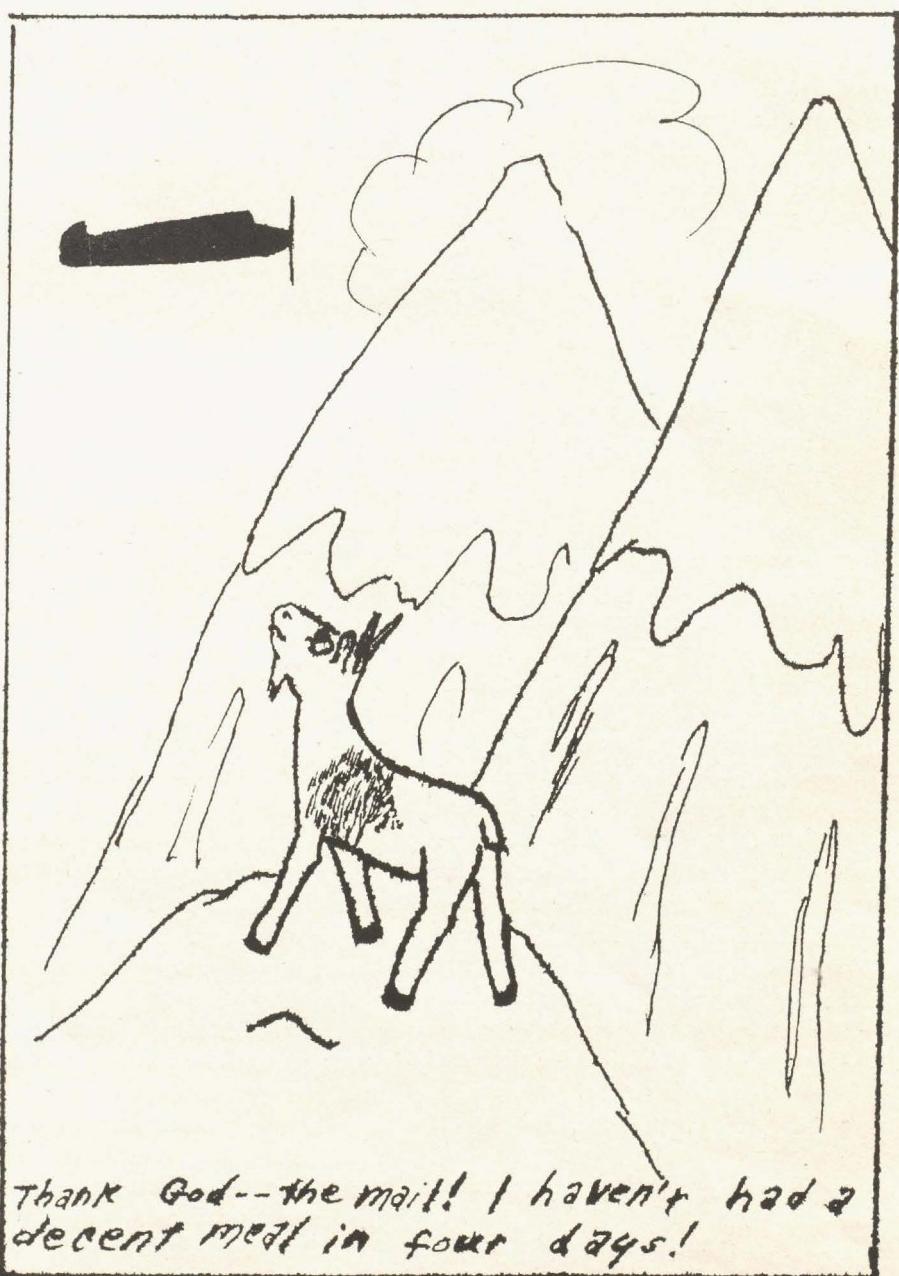
RIDELIKULUS

Maybe you are smart, but can you answer this? Why is it that a black cow can eat green grass and give white milk that makes yellow butter, the price of which leaves a dark brown taste in our mouths, making

us blue and so mad we see red?

Freshman: Give me a shovel, quick. Jane is stuck in the mud up to her shoe tops.

Senior: Why doesn't she walk out?
Freshman: She's in head first!



THANK GOD--the mail! I haven't had a decent meal in four days!

The Gift of a Secret

By

SALLY RUTMAN

It was towards evening, and I had been walking almost all afternoon. It was hot, and the woods, besides being a shortcut to the home I had then known a little less than three weeks, looked cool and inviting. I walked across the field, high with a mixture of hay, weeds and thistles, and crawled under the barbed wire fence that separated me from the wooded coolness beyond.

It was beautiful. It was like stepping into a new world, a forbidden new world. I felt that it was forbidden, and yet, the whole of nature there, as I walked, seemed to reach out and call a welcome to me. The sun, just beginning to go down, flooded the tops of the trees with the glorious yellow and reddish tinges of its descent. The evening song of the birds was sweet as they flitted through the narrow streaks of light where the sun had broken through the great-topped trees and rushed down to say, "Goodnight, sweet dreams," to the dark earth below. Sometimes, as I walked, a soft, quiet breeze would dance by, catch my hair up in its airy fingers, and toss it back over my shoulders; and the leaves would laugh with the soft, velvety laugh of leaves in summer as the breeze touched them too. Once, a low-lying bramble reached out and touched my leg and I felt the sharp "Hello!" of a thorn. Here and there were little clumps of flowers that smiled up at me with their tiny purple and yellow faces. I would have picked one, but, as I bent down, I heard the great trees far above me shake their grave, green heads and softly whisper, "No," and I thought I was the beetle, that was busily crawling over my foot, look up as if to say, "You are welcome, but only if you do not disturb our ancient peace."

And so it went, with each living thing greeting me in young and an-

cient voice as I passed. The way was long, much longer than I had anticipated, but also far lovelier than I had ever dreamed it could be. I had no desire to turn back, to take a way home that I was sure of. I was caught up in the magical beauty of the place. My steps seemed compelled to go forward, as if some great power were drawing me ever nearer and into itself.

Gradually, I became aware that everything was still. No tree now bowed down her lofty head to see who passed beneath. No tiny bug crept to make the branches lying on the ground move under the feather weight of them. No breeze came to make the summer leaves laugh. There was no sound but from my own footfalls and, even then, it seemed as if the great earth hunched its shoulders to better bear my weight in silence. I, too, stopped. Now, all around, was a great vacuum of quietude . . . nothing but silence, and the overwhelming beauty of that silence.

I waited, as all of nature seemed to be waiting, for that which I felt was about to happen. For a moment I was afraid, afraid of the aloneness and the fullness together. I breathed heavily and was surprised to find that I had not been breathing at all. I closed my eyes to wait. . . .

Suddenly, out from the depths of the great nothingness that pervaded, came a sound, at first very slight, then stronger as I listened. It was water; I was sure of it. Water! But where was it coming from? I could see no breakthrough in the growth of trees ahead. I could see no damper, marshier ground that would most certainly be present if there were an open stream of water near. Yet, it was there, for through the stillness that surrounded me, I could clearly hear it. The trickle and splash of water running over rocks was ming-

led with the low murmur of water that flows unchecked with steady current to bring a musical masterpiece of rhythm, time and ease. Still I did not move. I stood in a monotone of minutes that ran on and on and yet held time at a standstill and waited, as all those silent things about me waited. I felt that it was not for me to break their stillness first. A tiny breeze, tired from holding back so long, rose up and gently caressed the back of my neck with its soft breathing. I took it as a signal, a sign to go forward. I wanted to run, to shout, I was so glad to be able to move again, freely and without guilt. But I remembered the warning of the little beetle that had crawled across my foot. I would go forward, but I would not disturb their ancient peace. I walked on, silently, carefully.

I stopped.

The water was gushing out from between two rocks about fifteen feet to the right of where I stood. A small, steady stream, sparkling with

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many colors now as the sun reached the horizon, yet stopped long enough to paint glory into the silver water, fell the distance of about six feet off the rocks from which it flowed, and formed a little whirlpool filled with rainbow colors as it rapidly turned and twisted in its wild, yet so methodical pattern. From there, the water escaped into the wide basin that formed the beginning of a stream.

As I watched, the long-held silence of the woods was broken. The trees began to gently nod their heads in time to the simple music of the birds, who seemed to sing a song of love for this, their home. The breeze was playful now, as it dipped down from time to time and lightly blew the water from off its course. The little bugs scampered hurriedly, never minding how many branches they caused to move under the weight of them, and the yellow and purple-faced flowers openly laughed to see them go.

But I did not laugh; nor did I wish to move. I only stood and watched, and marvelled at the birth of a stream that was destined to run on forever into rivers, seas, and oceans, giving all of itself to all who lived. For what was so life-giving as water, from which could come all things great and small, good and evil . . . Water, a healer of hurt, a cleanser of body and soul, showing itself in quiet rainfalls, or in the wild disorder of a storm . . . Water, from which comes all the growth of the world, showing itself in just such a little stream.

This, then, was the great secret that the woods held and protected with their peace of age. Here in these woods, far beneath the black-topped earth, tiny spring had come into being and made for itself an underground passage as it had gathered strength and pushed onward. Oh, how the great trees must have nodded and encouraged and applauded when that little force at last had made its way to the spot between two rocks, and there had proudly given birth to the stream. How the birds must have sung with joy at viewing this great

gift of diamonds in the sun. How the earth must have thrilled to that movement deep within her that had meant a struggle for life, new life, and how willingly she had given of herself for that life; for, through the years, six feet of herself had vanished to give way to a sure, safe pathway for that water. Here, then, deep in these woods, was a truly great, courageous story of a beginning of life . . . not life then, but life to be.

It was as though I had reached the end, as though that stream had been my hesitation from the beginning. I did not cross it—nor did I have any desire to. I turned and started home the way I had come. The sun was completely gone now, and it had become that time which is neither day nor darkness, but the hesitation in between. I looked up at the trees, down at the brambles and flowers, and felt the breeze again in my hair. I wanted to tell them that I knew and understood the secret that had been theirs so long. I wanted to assure them that this knowledge would be safe with me, but I could find no words for what I felt. Perhaps they knew and felt as I did, for they allowed me to pass freely and softly whispered, "Goodnight," in the same tones with which they had called their welcome.

TRENDS FOR SPRING

The latest reports on the earliest spring fashions say that the most important shoe color for the coming season will be red, a color that would make any tired foot want to paint the town. Next color in popularity will be green and according to know-it-alls in fashion, the least stylish colors will be black and brown.

Suit jackets will be as short as their fashionable sisters of the winter were long. Hats will be flower-decked and very feminine.

New notes include the closed umbrella equipped with a nonsensical pin to complete milady's wardrobe and a provocative, newsmaking shade, wild orange. The something old includes platforms and prints. (Shoes and dresses, that is.)

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MARTHA GRAHAM

By

MARY SUE DUNAWAY

To a small girl sitting beside her mother in Pittsburgh's Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning in the early 1900's, the offertory music held a strange fascination. Quietly the child slipped from the pew and solemnly, innocently, danced down the aisle of that straight-laced church, much to the horror of her mother and the other worshippers. That two-year-old has grown up to be a pioneer in the field of dance, one who has pushed aside tradition to develop a completely revolutionary type of dance form.

First becoming acquainted with the dance at the age of thirteen, she studied with Denishawn, later becoming an instructor in that school and a member of its concert company. Feeling the need to find herself as a dancer, she broke with Denishawn Orientalism and began for the first time to work seriously from within herself, and to evolve her own technique. Her digression from the customary musical interpretation and scarf-twirling dance toward a type of dance made of more austere substance than that which could be pro-

jected through flourishes and smiles covered a number of years but she at last emerged with her own way in dance. And Martha Graham's way has come to express all that America is, for she has evolved her personal dance expression in accordance with the life expression of her country and her time. Miss Graham's dance is essentially dramatic. But instead of impersonalizing her subjects she becomes the symbol of the thing she wants to express by just enough observation to establish contact with it. The

(Continued on page 8)

MY HEART IS STILL

By

VIRGINIA HARDY

Leaves swirl down in profusion,
The fountain drips a solitary tune,
I look from the window and my confusion
Melts, memories steal in until soon,
My heart is still.

Haze drifts down from the hill,
Night shadows steal across the lawn,
I remember happiness and remembering still
Weep loudly, then silently till the dawn,
And my heart is still.

Love filters through with the daylight
It creeps, then runs through my soul.
I look into my heart and with delight
See God emerge from a deep black hole,
And my heart is still.

HEARTS ARE WORN UNDER WHITE

By

NANCY A. POWERS

Hearts are worn under white
to refract the heat.
They are chic, pressed thin and flat;
expertly starched.
They are quite attractive cased
in clear glass boxes.
But exposure to the light
will often spoil them.
Hearts go on the shelf behind the poems
and prose in those artistic, abstract jackets.
Contracting there they maintain circulation,
and procreativity is well supplied.
Porcelains who own them are precautions,
moving fragiley and careful not to fall.
They splinter on the pavements they created,
but the neatly packed hearts are whole.

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CONCERTONES



By

SHIRLEY HOFFMAN

In March, for the first time in the annals of Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, an opera staged and sung entirely by the music students of the college, under the able direction of Dr. Herman Reichenbach, is to be presented. The production chosen for this premier occasion is the early English opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, by Henry Purcell, which was composed and first performed about the year 1689. There is an interesting parallel for

applied. But despite his ineptness as a poet, Tate did have a considerable sense of the sage—as *Dido* more than proves.

Briefly, the story is as follows: Dido, Queen (and legendary founder) of Carthage, confesses to her attendants her love for Aeneas, who, during his flight from Troy and in his pursuit of founding a new empire, has been driven by storms to Carthage. The royal pair vow their mutual love and go upon a hunting expedition in the hills near the town. Suddenly a storm, brewed by some

malicious witches, springs up, separating the parties and leaving Aeneas to be accosted by a sorceress. Appearing in the guise of Mercury, she warns him that the gods are angry because he is not proceeding to Italy and orders him to set sail at once. The Trojan sailors prepare their ships while the sorceress and witches rejoice, and the pious prince bids Dido farewell despite her reproaches. As his ships put out to sea, the forsaken queen sings her celebrated lament, "When I am Laid in Earth," and climbs to her funeral bier. Stabbing herself, she dies in the arms of her maidens.

Some of the most poignant music ever written is to be found in *Dido's* death scene, and, indeed, as has been said before, the sincerity of the entire opera makes it a superb work as a whole. When performed, *Dido and Aeneas* lasts barely an hour, but it remains a constant source of amazement to students and lovers of the opera how much value is packed into its short space of time. We owe much to Dr. Reichenbach, his associates and students for bringing it to our stage. May they receive all possible cooperation and find, in their performance of Purcell's opera, the rewarding satisfaction that comes from producing such a work.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

By

ROBERTA TERREL

The black green gown the sweet pine wore
Was dainty and musically made.
The cut cone buttons kissed the floor
Made soft by nature dipped in jade.

The laciness of needlepoint
In silence tiptoed up the skirt.
Her dimpled arms with sap anoint
Her swaying feet in supple dirt.

Her spicy aura swells night air
While firefly diamonds grace her neck.
Star-studded clouds bind up her hair
And God is proven architect.



THE THEATRE

SYLVIA LANE SHEAKS

By

Medea, like the rest of Euripedes' plays, was given a third place rating by the theatre-goers of Athens when first produced in 431 B. C., but today's revival starring Judith Anderson is fast becoming the season's smash hit.

Euripides based the play on the legends of the latter part of the story of Medea and Jason after they had been banished to Corinth. There Jason, desirous of money and position, deserts Medea for a new love, the daughter of the king of Corinth. Medea, who had saved Jason's life and made it pos-

possible for him to secure the Golden Fleece, is seized with a blinding desire for vengeance. She sends their children to the princess with poisoned gifts and in that manner kills Jason's bride and her father, the king. Medea knows that she must kill the children in order to prevent the partisans of the king from doing so in revenge. With this knowledge comes the realization that by this action Jason will become utterly childless and alone in the world. (Sterility of any form was considered a curse by the Greeks and to them the man who was childless was a pitiable creature.) Medea, after an internal struggle of Marathonian proportions, murders her children and then denys Jason the small comfort of burying them himself. After taunting him from her dragon-drawn sky chariot Medea escapes, bearing with her the corpses of their children.

Like the theme of so many other great tragedies that of *Medea* is revenge. But here the revenge must be of a definite nature for it must be paid freely and not exacted by Medea's enemies, and she must survive her enemies. The price which she is willing to pay is unlimited, and pay she does for Medea is both executioner and victim. She has run the gamut of emotions from passionate pulsating love for Jason and maternal tenderness for her children to the all-consuming hatred of those wronging her. Nothing worse, or better,

can happen to Medea than has already occurred.

Judith Anderson is magnificent in the role of Medea. If Euripides' purpose in writing this play was to show that passion may so dominate reason as to bring one to inhumanly cruel actions, Miss Anderson leaves no doubt in the minds of her audience that it is possible. She fills the character of Medea with a savage vitality, with an overwhelming bitterness and ferocity. She is the one great character of the play and, although all sympathy for Medea disappears at the end of the drama, the audience feels for her an admiration compounded of awe, fear and respect.

Robinson Jeffers, who adapted the play for production on the modern stage, saw that after 2378 years *Medea* could well profit with a face-lifting. He retained the original legend and characters but eliminated in the interest of melodramatic suspense the chorus' classical function of foretelling the action. The contemporary play is less formal than the Greek original and Mr. Jeffers kept the speeches short and frequently terse, thereby heightening the dramatic effect.

When critics begin to compile the best plays of 1947-48, though they may differ concerning some, we feel sure that they will vote unanimously to include *Medea* in their collections.

WOMAN IN TRAFFIC

Red Light

Slow down	-----	stupid
Release clutch	-----	Dopist
Apply brake	-----	crazy

Left Turn

Slow down	-----	never
Cut to center	-----	Phooey
Signal	-----	Ha Ha

Trolley Car

Parallel Stop	-----	Uh! Uh!
Alertess	-----	Foolish
Caution	-----	You, Kid

Fire Truck

Pull To Curb	-----	Funny
Stop	-----	Well really
MOVE ANYWHERE	-----	Please!

Solution

Horn	-----	Loudly
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SIGMA TAU DELTA

WHERE LIE THE BRAVE

By

MARJORIE MURRAY

President, Alpha Epsilon Chapter, Sigma Tau Delta

As the feeble strains of "Abide With Me" followed the black casket out of the church doors into the bleak chill of the mid-November forenoon, Cary Singleton felt a corresponding chill penetrate his whole being. He was a rational individual whose sense of well-being was seldom disturbed by cold weather or by the morbid presence of death. Perhaps, he thought, it was a combination of circumstances, or, perhaps, it was because he had a new problem to face. Only that morning, from the stack of mail he had picked up at the country post office, had fallen a letter from the War Department asking whether his son's body was to be returned to the Virginia soil of its birth and upbringing, or whether it was to remain buried beneath the French battlefield upon which it had fallen.

Cary tried to suppress a wish that the letter had never come to create this inner turmoil. Two years had somewhat softened the agonizing wrench he had suffered at the death of Dick, his only son. At the time, great though his sorrow had been, it had never occurred to him that any attempt would be made to re-inter the bodies. Indeed, the idea would have seemed hardly appropriate to him; yet here it was to be faced and decided upon.

These thoughts passed through his mind in a dazed muddle as the funeral procession of cars made its way over a narrow dirt road, which passed the old Singleton house, in which he lived, and finally led to a small burial ground on a high bluff overlooking the James River. Here,

beneath the bare branches of a grove of forest oak trees, were laid representatives of every generation of the Singleton family since the first Richard Singleton had come to Virginia in 1745, and had built the huge brick house, which early plantation prosperity had made famous for hospitality and which the two intervening centuries had now made famous for age and architecture.

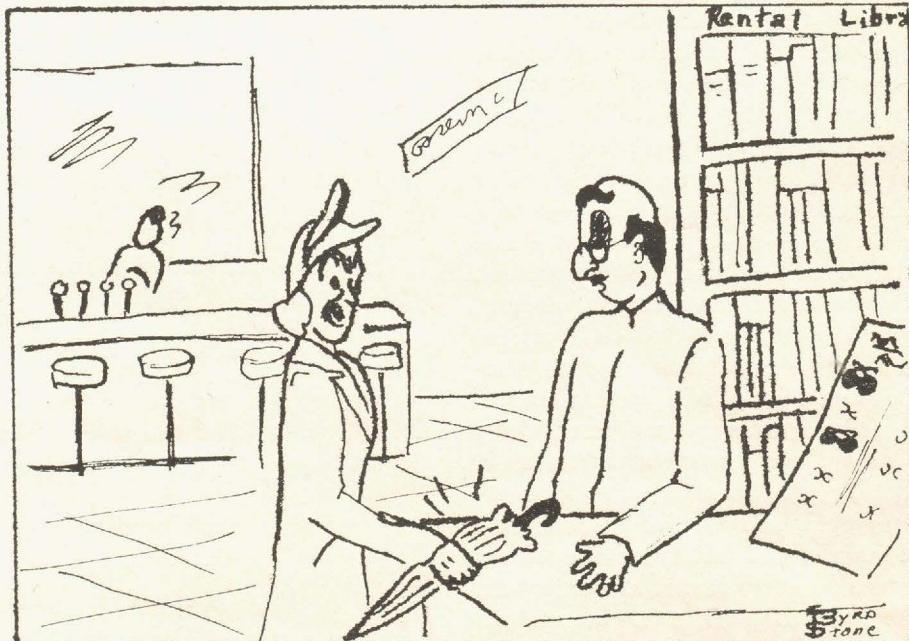
What, thought Cary, would these forbears have done under such circumstances? What would Cousin Tom, over whom a last benediction was being read at this very moment, have said? One summer day, over twenty years before, Cousin Tom had brought his black mare over to teach Dick to ride. This little boy

was so small that he had to be lifted to the saddle, but even then Cousin Tom had commented enthusiastically, "That boy'll make a rider, sure enough!" The truth of this prophecy had been proven many times over, during subsequent summers, when Dick, mounted on a colt of that same black mare, had won so many trophies and ribbons at horse shows all over Virginia, while Cousin Tom had looked proudly on. Even a splintered top panel in the high fence enclosing the cemetery served as silent but poignant reminder of Dick's rash and somewhat irreverent determination to jump everything in sight. Yes, Cary mused as he stared

(Continued on page 9)

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"Yes, I know this is a drugstore, but we don't have any roller skates!"

MARTHA GRAHAM

(Continued from page 1)

resulting emotion is so basic that words become useless—it can find expression only through movement. Her dance is supremely naive. It is the response of her sensitive nature to life about her, and in her own words—"It's only aim is to impart the sensation of living, to energize the spectator, and to send him away with a queer sense of his own potentialities and the power of realizing them."

We may not understand this dance of Martha Graham's, but we cannot help but feel it. And this is what she seeks. She feels that reflection and analysis should come later. How many people actually understand ballet? Miss Graham's dance is no more difficult to understand but it is more difficult to enjoy because we have come to believe that the movements of the ballet are beautiful, exciting to our senses, and marvels to behold. If we should attend one of Miss Graham's concerts not expecting to see the motor refinements of the ballet and believing that we could become conditioned to her type of movement, which is based on purely communicative impulses, our enjoyment would be much greater and we would be well on the way toward understanding.

Miss Graham, in identifying herself with reality, eliminates all the trivial and makes use of the roots of human experience. There is no time, no event, no story sequence in her dance, nor is there location. Her characters are deep in our own consciousness—we know them well and they seem real. They give expression to our inner compulsions, dreams, and secret feelings and their actions represent the escape urge which nearly every human being has at times.

It has been said that where Martha Graham goes there goes a revival in the arts, for her creations always offer some new fusion of the arts. The dynamics of the dance she carries over into every branch of production. The stage sets define and contain the movement design of the dance theme, the costumes give freedom of action

while preserving the spirit of the piece, and the lighting is never obtrusive but becomes an integral part of the dance.

Because the percussive heat of her dance does not combine well with music of the romantic or classical school, only music of the modern composers is used by Miss Graham. The composers who write especially for her attend studio rehearsals where they note the dance form and rhythms and discuss with her the relation of the music to the dance. Then they compose music which becomes part of the dance itself.

Martha Graham is the first dancer since the immortal Pavlova who has dared to have a full week of performances on Broadway, and her venture has been more than successful. She brought Modern Dance to the public

when it was still being hidden in studio performances. Miss Graham is not only the greatest of our choreographers, she is the most prolific. Not taking into consideration works composed for special affairs, she has choreographed 116 dance works. Her solo dances have been of vastly greater moment than her group dances, with the exception of *Primitive Mysteries*, which is a masterpiece. This is true because the nucleus of her art is her personal power of evocation, which is too individual to be taught to others or embodies in any set of specific movements.

America's song is the pursuit of happiness and Miss Graham dances that song. An artistic manifestation of all that America is, one of the world's great artists, is Martha Graham—dancer.

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

By

KATHERINE ANN O'MEARA

The fields are robed in blankets of white,
The trees hang their weary heads,
The icy winds shriek through the night,
And rivers are frozen like silver threads.
The weeks pass on and with them, hope
That soon the green shoots will appear
And pierce the snow, for air they'll grope,
Revealing the news that spring is here.
The violets and daffodils
Burst forth in all their vibrant hues,
Their colors bright upon the hills,
Like hymns of birds, repeat the news.
The hyacinths, blue, the tulips, red
Are seen to peep above the ground
They bloom from every covered bed
And marvel at the sight they've found.
The skies are blue, the clouds drift by,
Of something great the robins sing;
And from the valleys to the sky,
Behold! The miracle of Spring.

(Continued from page 7)

vacantly at the panel, Tom would have said, "By all means bring him back; he belongs here!"

Across the cemetery, stood a small brown stone dedicated to Cary's own grandfather, Page Singleton, born 1838, died 1863. The young Confederate's wife and mother, in spite of dire poverty, had been driven in their only remaining means of conveyance, the farm wagon, all the way to Gettysburg. Only after days of disheartening search, had they found his body and brought it home for burial. Here, Cary realized, was a clear cut answer to his question; yet he was not entirely satisfied. For the hardship, suffered by the two women, in such an undertaking, had been a private matter involving only themselves rather than a whole nation recuperating from war. Besides, he rationalized, it would have been unthinkable to leave a Singleton buried in Pennsylvania except under the most inevitable circumstances.

Cary's gaze shifted to the oldest part of the plot, where a rectangular brick vault, covered with ivy, was now being crowded by the trunk of a giant Oak. If one bothered to ply aside the ivy from the inscription, he would read the name of Richard Singleton, born in England, 1715, died in Virginia, 1771. Suddenly, Cary began to relieve, with startling vividness, a rainy day in his own boyhood; a day that had been spent in the garret of the old house opening trunks and poring over pre-Revolutionary bills of lading, letters, and other correspondence of Richard Singleton. Then he had found a box containing Richard Singleton's will, written in 1769. After designating disposal of his property, Singleton had inserted a paragraph in which he said he knew his end was near. There would, he had added, be the question of whether to return his body to England. This, he emphatically stated, was utterly adverse to his wishes, for, although he had been born and educated in England, he

The Tale of Peter Piper

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now in the land of Hocisty Pocisty where Peter resided, pickled peppers were by far the rarest and consequently the most coveted things. It had been necessary to make various laws concerning these much sought for pickled peppers. So at the time that Peter ventured into the pepper patch the trip was at once daring and dangerous.

"Ah," thought Peter as he hid the peck full of peppers beneath his new-look coat, "I have so far accomplished my rash scheme that I am sure I will be able to escape with my pickled peppers and so feed my wife and family who do not come under the Marshall Plan."

Alas, just as Peter was gliding from his last shadow a voice called, "Halt, who goes there?" Peter answered never a word and held his breath so that his reflection wouldn't move either.

"In the name of the law, who goes there?" Peter still answered nothing. At that instant a large hand fell heavily upon his shoulders almost throwing him to the ground.

"Well, well. If it isn't Peter Piper.

had, in Virginia, struggled to uphold his highest ideals, and to achieve and maintain the type of life he believed to be most desirable. Here, his greatest life effort had been spent, and here he wished to rest for eternity.

Waking from his reverie, Cary was astonished to find the shivering congregation gone and the graveyard deserted. A drizzling snow was beginning to fall, but he was serenely oblivious to it as he started up the garden path to the house. He had attained the peace of mind that comes with the solution of a serious problem; for he knew now that his son's wish, like that of the first Richard Singleton, would have been to rest where his greatest life effort had been expended.

What are you doing out this way so late at night?"

"Just breathing the fresh pepper air," answered Peter in a whisper.

"What are you carrying?" demanded the voice loudly.

"Only a loaf of bread for my starving kids," replied the victim.

"Hmm. That's a very peculiar shape for a loaf of bread. It looks more like pickled peppers."

"It does?" asked Peter, strangling.

"Yes. Let's go to the court and investigate. And, so, Peter and the loud accusing voice went off to the court. Peter was tried and he pleaded not guilty; guilty; then, insane at the moment; but finally he just couldn't say anything more, so he went to jail while the judge took his pickled peppers.

Now you may feel as many people in the years that followed have felt that this was a most cruel piece of justice. But the truth really was that Peter Piper didn't belong to the Pickled Pepper Picker's Union. Because he was not a member of the union he had no one to pay his fine or go his bail and so he went to prison instead.

Now the moral of this story is, don't fool around with anything pickled, unless you like being clapped in the jug.

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ENGLISH OFFICE A
CHANDLER

DAFFYNITIONS

AMAZON: First part of a sentence. Example: "Well, amazon of a gun."

GOOD MANNERS: The noise you don't make when you're eating soup.

KISS:: An operation, cunningly devised, for the mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are utterly superfluous.

MONOLOGUE: One woman talking. (Not to be confused with Catalogue: two women talking.)

SELFMADE MAN: A horrible example of unskilled labor.

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Said an ape as he swung from his tail
To his children, both female and male.
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May evolve a professor at Yale."

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